

FADE IN:

SUPER: ANOTHER NEW YEAR, AS EVER.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SUNSET

At sundown the streets glow from the last rainfall though it's dry now and the last beams of sunlight lit the large office building red.

EXT. FLOOR (OFFICE BUILDING) - SUNSET

On the penthouse floor we zoom in on a balcony with overhanging Rooftop. Two luxury, empty reclining seats separated by a small table stand in front of the large open doors that show an office desk where two people turn and walk towards the balcony.

INT. BALCONY (FLOOR OFFICE BUILDING) - SUNSET

YOU, (looking confident as ever in your prime years and on the peak of your game, and ME, still in my early fifty's and as ever working on my big brake) walk onto the balcony and talk indistinctly. In one hand we have a glass of scotch and in the other a big burning cigar (unless you're a woman in which case the Scotch is a Dirty Martini and the cigar is -- well, I guess you can make that one up for yourself. We look at the sun sinking below the horizon.

YOU

Why would you say that?

ME

It's simple, when you look at all the past years when we brought the forest to our living rooms, meet family members we haven't seen for years and stuff ourselves with greasy food, laugh and reminisce about the good old time, promising each other to see more of each other and go home and forget about the whole thing for the next twelve months.

YOU

Wow, could you be any more cynical? If I knew you were going to be such a bitch about it I would have left you at that bar with the transvestite Santa under the Mistletoe last year instead of taking your sorry excuse for a writer home with me and take you in.

ME

I'm just saying. What's the point in doing the same thing over and over again and expecting a different outcome?

(pauses, thinks, looks ahead and sighs)

Don't they call that insanity?

YOU

Isn't that what a writer is all about, being a little insane?

ME

Are you calling me insane?

(short pause)

Again?

(puts a small smile on his face)

YOU

No I don't.

(pauses as they both stare in front)

I think you're just fine, for a writer. And don't let anyone tell you otherwise. It's just that -- well -- you're a writer. What do you expect? You have all the trades great writers have. You're eccentric, have little to non physical friends, you're hard to talk to, especially when you're writing and you haven't seen your family since -- let me guess -- last years holidays? So in a way I guess the holiday season is invented for writers to make up for their past 11 months flaws.

ME

(in a tired voice, with a sigh and a closed smile)

I am old.

YOU

You're not old you just look old
and probably feel old.

(tiny smile)

But seriously. You don't look old
but you behave old. You're
complaining like an 80 year old
who's life is about to end looking
back and seeing yourself as a
failure.

ME

What if I am?

YOU

Am what?

ME

Disappointed that I didn't get what
I wanted out of life.

YOU

Listen, you're 53 years old, have a
job most people would kill for and
more money then you could spend, --

(I quickly turn my head,
look at you with a
naughty smile on your
face, you react quickly)

-- sensible. You have your health,
though you could be a little, uh,
how should I say this --

(small pause)

-- more in shape, and there are
even some people who actually like -
- well - possibly even love you.
What more could one possibly want
out of life?

ME

(clearly thinking, while
nibbling my cigar)

I published my first novel last
month.

YOU

So?

ME

Well. It could do better.

YOU

It could probably be better.

ME

(Cynical)

Thank you. That's just what I needed.

YOU

Well maybe you do. Maybe you need someone who from time to time shows you that man in the mirror, kicks you in the butt and shows you the way back to the meaning of things. The question is whether your success lies in your book sales or the accomplishment of writing it in the first place.

ME

Holiday blues, writers blues I guess. It's good to have a friend around.

YOU

You have more friends than you think. If you only knew how many of them read this message. I think you should be glad they are interested in you and I think you need to show interest in them throughout the year.

ME

(broad smile)

You're probably right. Indeed I should be.

(Inhale deep and pause a short while)

New years resolution?

(you nod)

YOU

To the both of us?

ME

To the both of us -- and all our other friends out there. I hope to see and here from you throughout the year, be with me while I'm on a writing spree writing my next book and support me when I blocked. Oh and for those who still want to buy the book:

<http://clinchandhill.com/2015/12/28/where-to-buy-kursk/>

YOU/ME

(simultaneously while raising our glasses)

Happy Holidays

ME

And don't forget: "Writers are desperate people and when they stop being desperate they stop being writers." Here's to you all.

EXT. BALCONY (FLOOR OFFICE BUILDING) - NIGHT

ZOOM OUT OF THE BALCONY.

FADE OUT.